Quee. *Berowne* did ſweare him ſelfe out of all ſuite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my ſeruice, and his ſword.
No poynt (quoth I) my ſeruant, ſtraight was mute.
Kath. Lord *Longauill* ſaid I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he cálde me?
Quee. Qualme perhapt,
Kath. Yes in good faith.
Quee. Goe ſickneſs as thou art,
Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plaine ſtatute Caps.
But will you heare; the King is my Loue ſworne.
Quee. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted Fayth to me.
Kath. And *Longauill* was for my ſeruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as ſure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madame, and prettie miſtreſſes giue care,
Immediately they will againe be heere,
In their owne ſhapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignitie.
Quee. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like ſweete Roſes, in this ſommer aire.
Quee. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderſtood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roſes in their bud:
Diſmaskt, their damaske ſweete commixture ſhowne,
Are Angels varling cloudes, or Roſes blowne.
Quee. Auaunt perplexitie, What ſhall we do,
If they returne in their owne ſhapes to woe?
Roſa. Good Madame, if by me youle be aduiſde,
Lets mocke them ſtill as well knowne as diſguyſde:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Diſguyſd like *Muſcouites* in ſhapeles geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what ende
Their ſhallow ſhowes, and Prologue vildly pende,
And their rough carriage ſo rediculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Quee. Whip to our Tents as Roes runs ore land. *Exeunt.*

Enter